

# The Weavers Request.

O B,

Their Just *COMPLAINT* against the *Rude Rabble*, that|revile  
against the *Gentile Mode* now in *Fashion*.

To the Tune of, *Ladies of London*.

This may be Printed. R. P.



**W**E the brave Weavers of ancient renown,  
Whom Fame has for ever recorded,  
Should know the reason we thus are run down  
instead of our being rewarded:  
Top-Knots of late the Rabble contend,  
to ruine us is their endavour;  
Let some strict Order be taken with them,  
for why should they run down the Weavers?

It is well known we have been dismay'd,  
although we did patiently take it;  
Seven long years we have serv'd for the Trade  
and yet have been forc'd to forsake it,

Put to our shifts, and daily contriv'd  
by labour we did our endavours; (thine,  
But now since Top-Knots are wearing, we  
and therefore they run down the Weavers.

Formerly Weavers their work was in haste,  
when Gallants did wear on their Blackes  
Ribbons at noses, nay, and all round the waste,  
Then the brave Weavers got Riches:  
But since, alas! Dame Fortune doth crown,  
affording us none of her favours,  
Top-Knots are made the scoff of the Town,  
and all for to run down the Weavers.

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Women and Damozels they daily offend;  
and makes a most horrid Narration;  
Say, and the Rabble does likewise pretend  
that this is the Pride of the Nation:  
Fain would they keep their Betters in awe  
by flouting, which is their endeavours;  
Let them be punish'd according to Law;  
for why should they run down the Weavers?

Yet the Mechanick will hence and brag,  
enough to make any admire;  
Yet we may see them as proud in a Rag  
as Ladies in sumptuous attire:  
Wearing of Knots they counted a Pride,  
to end it they do their endeavours,  
And wou'd have Women now lay them aside,  
in order to run down the Weavers.

But let them all be as mad as they will,  
that seem to be highly offended;  
Women their Top-Knots I'd have them wear  
then shall they be highly commended. (Still  
Never regard what any shall say,  
for they are but sorry deceivers;  
I would have Women go gallant and gay;  
for why should they run down the Weavers?



Had it not been for the Women indeed,  
our Trade had been utterly fallen;  
But by the making them Ribbon and Braid,  
it was a great help in our Calling.  
Therefore we ought to speak in their praise  
from whom we received such favours;  
Long may they flourish with happy good days,  
for being so kind to the Weavers.

Those that does offer abuse are to blame,  
to Weavers, who never offended;  
Let Gallants go still like Persons of Fame,  
since they are most Nobly descended:  
And as for those that will be so rude  
for Ruin they make their endeavours,  
By some strict Order let them be subdu'd:  
This is the Desire of the Weavers.

FINIS.



Printed for J. Blart at the Looking-glass on  
London-Bridge.